

DINOYA

THE NEW RETRO

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The New Vintage. The New Retro. Something with a desire has succeeded and causes things to appear and to be applied as desired. Tongues are the masters of mediocrity. The way all fell apart. Beautifully ruined. Sliced attempts at discipline. Washed in piss moral principles.

Honour and responsibility have played with the ropes enough to turn into lifeless forms. Followed the footsteps of fellow stabbing enthusiasts. Recalling the imperfections of the classic way of revenge with fists. Below this order there is an act of ignorance.

The imperfections of fatigue. Many bodies will go beyond the life line. For they have been prohibited to desire and to have will, and to have thoughts, anything. The language of a murderous beast. A little bird pierces the sky. Below this order of ignorance. Absolutte.

Be they moral beasts, I see no difference between them. Attention-seeking intentions. Oh, this is thee power of words. Thee imperfection of thee written word. As Dinoya said. As the body has lately perceived. Forever they are tortured by each other.



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